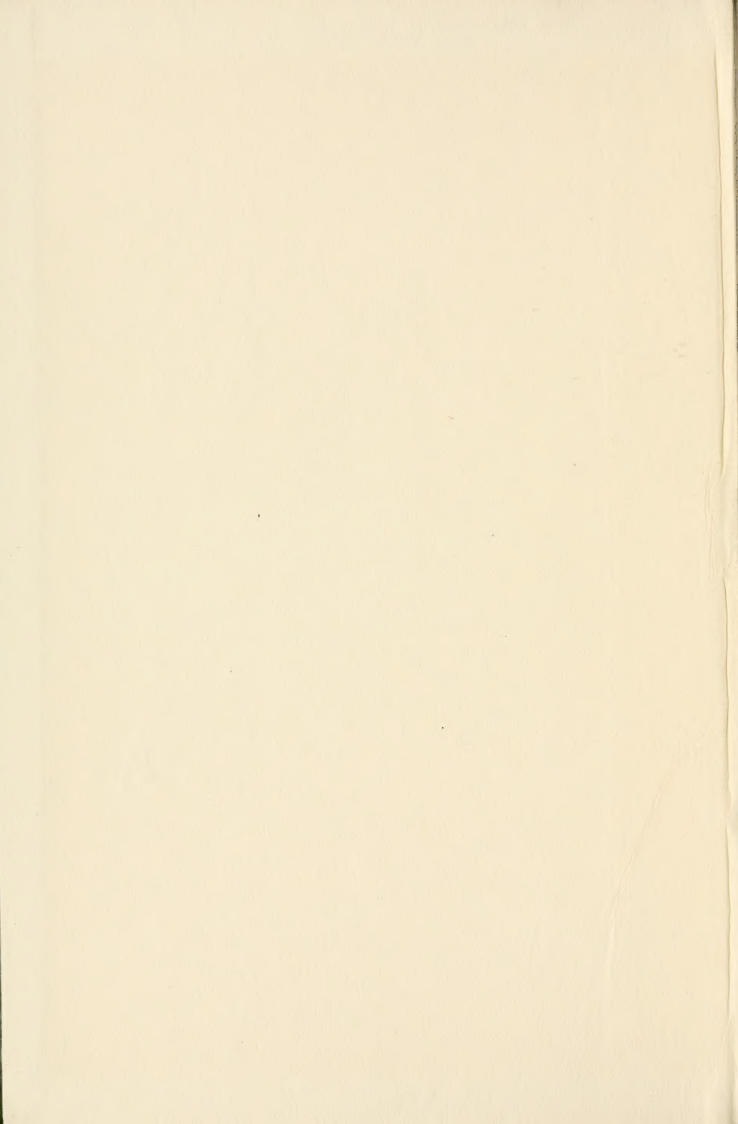


LYRICS FROM
THE
WESTLAND

C A W T H O R P E


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LYRICS FROM THE WESTLAND

LYRICS FROM THE WESTLAND

By
MARGARET A. CAWTHORPE



TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1912

PS

8505

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Wheat Fields of the West - - - - -	7
Slumber Song - - - - -	9
The Immigrants - - - - -	10
The Old Home - - - - -	12
The Little Ships - - - - -	16
Spring - - - - -	18
Love - - - - -	20
Our Country - - - - -	22
The Badge of Blue - - - - -	25
The Long Ago - - - - -	34
An Ideal Home - - - - -	35
Then - - - - -	37
The Maple Tree - - - - -	38
A Dream of Beauty - - - - -	40
An Autumn Night - - - - -	42
The Rose - - - - -	44
The Modern Knight - - - - -	45
The Battle of Paardeberg - - - - -	51
A Song of Hope - - - - -	54
Past Days - - - - -	55

CONTENTS

	PAGE
War - - - - -	56
Peace - - - - -	57
The Crocus - - - - -	58
My Loved One's Voice - - - - -	60
A Daughter's Quest - - - - -	62
In Memoriam - - - - -	65
The Red Ear - - - - -	66
A Soul's Question - - - - -	70
The Lost Letter - - - - -	73
Somewhere - - - - -	75
Schubert's Life, Love and Song - - - - -	77
The Minister in the Saloon - - - - -	82
The Sleeping Hamlet - - - - -	84
Maligned - - - - -	85
The Wild Rose - - - - -	87
A Bridal Hymn - - - - -	89

Lyrics from the Westland

THE WHEAT FIELDS OF THE WEST

Oh, the fields and fields of ripening wheat,
Rolling on to the far away;
Those wide fields lie as seas of gold,
Becalmed on a summer's day.

So vast—no boundaries seem to bind
This maze of yellow grain,
For everywhere the eye doth rest,
It waves and waves again.

In the early spring in the soft, dark soil,
A myriad graves are made,
Then folded close to the warm earth's heart,
The tiny seeds are laid.

But strange! what mystery deep, for soon
From where those seedlets lay,
A countless throng of tender blades
Spring forth to meet the day.

On each small blade grows a cell-like sheath
That points towards the sky,
And in the heart of each little cell
The grain of wheat doth lie.

Thus it grows on the wide prairie's breast,
And the west winds over it blow,
Each day as the sun shines down from the blue
On each blade it deepens the glow.

The poor man's hope and the rich man's wealth
Lie yonder on the plain;
A nation's strength and a nation's pride
Rest there in the golden grain.

SLUMBER SONG

The tides they come, and the tides they go,
We pass from dreamland to and fro;
The winds blow East, the winds blow West;
Sleep, little one, slumber and rest.

The waves are dark, and the light grows dim,
The dying sun hath a purple rim;
The gleaming stars come one by one,
Sleep, little one, the day is done.

What though the darkness around us lies,
Sleep, baby, sleep, and close thine eyes;
Thy shelter's safe, deep is my love,
Angels watch o'er from heaven above.

REFRAIN.

Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep,
My loving arms enfold thee,
Close on my breast I hold thee;
Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep.

THE IMMIGRANTS

Through the open gates of the West there pours
An endless host from distant shores;
A murmur of tongues, a low-toned song,
A ceaseless, ceaseless, moving throng.

The gates of the West are ever wide,
As through them moves this restless tide;
There's never an ebb, but ever a flow
As on and on through the West they go.

They come as if by magnet pressed,
Their shibboleth is West, still West.
An army doth invade the land,
But with them peace comes hand in hand.

The Orient and the Occident
Have each their human tribute sent.
Type after type, the eye may find
Of foreign nation, creed and kind.

THE IMMIGRANTS

From British Isles come kith and kin,
With willing hands and minds to win.
Our brothers form an Eastern Band,
Our cousins from the borderland.

The Frank and German pass along ;
The Jap and Russian join the throng ;
The Greeks and Latins, Chinese, too,
And " Douks " and " Gals " pass in review.

There's swarthy brows, with raven hair,
And flaxen locks with faces fair.
There's fez and turban, scarf and band,
And garments strange from every land.

Through the open gates of the West there pours
An endless host from foreign shores ;
A murmur of tongues, a low-toned song,
A ceaseless, ceaseless, moving throng.

THE OLD HOME

To me a spirit whispered,
Nor silenced would it be—
Rest, weary one, from labor,
Go where the winds blow free.

I yielded to its tempting
And followed where it led,
Away from sounds discordant,
With willing steps I fled.

Far from a city's turmoil
It seemed to wave a hand,
To a spot clad o'er with verdure,
My childhood's old home land.

The scenes became familiar—
So long ago it seems—
Here memory oft had brought me,
Had brought me in my dreams.

THE OLD HOME

The old house stood deserted,
Dismantled and forlorn,
Of all its former glories
By time it had been shorn.

The green Virginia creeper
Clung to the mouldering eaves,
As if to hide time's wreckage
Behind its sheltering leaves.

The old gate creaked a protest
And moaning, seemed to say,
My younger days of labor
Have long since passed away.

No wild, exultant bow-wows
My longing ear did greet;
No Rover, from his stronghold,
Rushed out the boy to meet.

A robin to its fond mate
Was warbling in a tree,
The only thing to welcome,
Or greeting give to me.

THE OLD HOME

I listened while it trilled me
A song so clear and sure,
I thought it must from seraph
Have learnt its note so pure.

All round the perfumed blossoms
Were clinging to the boughs,
While apple blooms were blushing
Like maidens pledging vows.

Before me rolled the meadows,
Where so free I used to roam,
For never care had troubled
In this, my childhood's home.

'Way yonder rose the hilltop
Where childish fancy taught
By mounting to its summit
Near Heaven to be brought.

Beside it grew the chestnut
Whose burrs I oft had stoned,
When in revenge they pricked me
With pain I wailed and groaned.

THE OLD HOME

I sat me down, and musing
O'er things of then and now,
I made a resolution,
And registered a vow.

The lucre I had gathered
This old home should restore;
The roses red be twining
Again around the door.

And when with all life's struggles
And cares I felt opprest,
I back again would wander
And in the old home rest.

THE LITTLE SHIPS

The winds were loosed on Galilee,
The foam-crest waves rolled mountains high,
Dark clouds hung lowly o'er the sea,
The swift-winged birds to shelter fly.

Within a barque tossed on the deep—
No dread of danger, thought of fear—
The Saviour lay in pillowed sleep,
And other little ships were near.

On ship, on sail, the strong winds bear,
His chosen band in peril cry,
“Master! for us dost thou not care?
Wilt thou not wake when death is nigh?”

He rose and bade the winds to cease,
Unto the sea said, “Peace, be still,”
The winds sobbed low, then hushed to peace,
The moaning waves obeyed His will.

THE LITTLE SHIPS

A holy calm fell roundabout,
About the little ships it fell;
His power divine encircled out,
And wrapt the wide sea in its spell.

The peace of heaven shone forth anew,
It lay on wave, on flower and tree,
And, lo! that peace embraceth, too,
All other little ships at sea.

SPRING

SPRING is creeping o'er the land,
Softly o'er the dreaming land;
Bud and leaf on every hand,
Opening bud on every hand,
Gently Spring kissed Earth's cold brow,
Lo, the flowers are blooming now.

O Spring, beautiful, beautiful Spring,
You bring the golden buttercups,
 The daffodils so fair,
The crocus and the lily bell,
 And frail white flowers of air;
O Spring, beautiful, beautiful Spring.

Spring's blythe harbingers so free
Flit and sing from tree to tree,
Filled the world with melody,
Filled with sweetest melody;
Round the woodland and the dell
Spring hath cast her magic spell.

SPRING

Oh Spring, beautiful, beautiful Spring,
Your eyes are violets all ablow,
 In misty beds of light;
Your tresses are the sunbeams' glow,
 Your crown the stars of night;
O Spring, beautiful, beautiful Spring.

LOVE

LOVE! Love! could I your worth define,
Or could I sound a depth, so deep as thine.

Or might I scale a height so vast and high—
It may not be, 'twere vain for me to try.

You sweep the soul as tempest sweeps the deep,
Within your clasp our joy or pain you keep.

You are a lever strong to upward raise,
Or as a weight you downward press our days.

Ofttimes on us the chastening rod you lay,
A crucible, our dross you cleanse away.

In countless guises through the world you go;
You are the Heaven-born sign, that man may know.

Some name the fitful flame of passion, love!
Pure love is ethic born, 'tis far above.

LOVE

Of sense is passion born, it stands alone,
Nor will pure love with passion kinship own.

Soon passion dies to cold neglect or hate,
But love reigns on, nor doth its strength abate.

Oh, Love, thou art a great empyrean light,
Without Thee, life would prove one Stygian night.

You teach us all the graces of the mind,
Our purest, highest joy through Thee we find.

As zephyr's breath, and fragrant vernal showers,
And sunshine warm bring life to earth's sweet
flowers,

So Love, when with thy breath our hearts are filled,
Our days with richer life and hope you gild.

OUR COUNTRY

I KNOW of a land where the summer
 Gilds it with bright, golden glow;
I know of a land where the winter
 Shrouds it with crystalline snow.

Long ere the dim eyes of our fathers
 These distant shores had yet scanned,
The Norseman has told in his sagas
 The wonders of this verdant land.

For long as it slept in the primitive,
 The redman roamed through its wide vales;
The coyote, the bear and the panther
 Crept by on their deep, lonely trails.

But now 'tis a land of rich commerce,
 Of all peoples and tongues that be;
A great and a mighty dominion
 That stretches from sea to sea.

OUR COUNTRY

To all who are brave and deserving
It offers a home and a start;
Not birth, but true worth, is the sesame
That opens the door to its heart.

This same fertile land is our heritage,
All ours, its wealth yet untold,
The soil, and the stream, and the forest,
The grain and the silver and gold.

All ours for the making or marring,
To mould it for good or for ill,
And ours for the guiding and shaping;
Its destiny waits on our will.

Let us shape it for greatness and honor,
And neither be clogs, nor yet clods;
But feel 'tis our home and our country
Each time that our feet press its sods.

And may we all live for our country,
Be loyal in all that we do,
Forget not the pure and the ideal,
Stand fast for the brave and the true.

OUR COUNTRY

Remembering whatever betide us,
A friend we never will lack
To guard our fair honor and freedom,
While we stand with the old Union Jack.

THE BADGE OF BLUE

To ARMS! To arms! echoed the call
Around o'er all the land,
Then forward came the men of old
To form a gallant band.
"Away to battle forth," said one,
"Most gladly will I go,
I would such tyrants help to teach
That we're a dangerous foe."

But like a fetter around his heart
Love wound a silken chain,
If forth to battle he should go
'Twould rend a heart with pain.
If grace of choice to him were given
He'd rather dangers face,
Than tidings of his going tell,
Away the roses chase.

But to his love he bravely went,
And told where he was bound,
Then watchful stood mid hope and fear
To hear of grief the sound.
Small outward sign of grief she gave,
She bravely bore the blow,
Nor to his searching lovelit eye
Would all her anguish show.

“Thou art a loyal son,” she said,
“A daughter true I’ll be,
Nor will I now a barrier prove
’Tween duty and ’tween thee.”
Fair was this Helen’s face, and bright;
Her eyes clear as the morn;
Her smile was gentle, kind and sweet,
And grace enwrapped her form.

Ere Neal should go, she sewed for him
A little badge of blue,
And while she stitched, soft fell the tears
Around her like the dew.
’Twas all of Heaven’s azure hue,
The shade of summer sky,
Fit emblem of the truth that shone
Within her dark blue eye.

THE BADGE OF BLUE

At length there came the parting day,
The dreary farewell hour,
For touch, or talisman's spell Neal longed
To banish sorrow's power.
With saddened face fair Helen gave
The brodered badge of blue,
For him to treasure, wear and keep,
So long as he proved true.

"Now, in thy hand I place
This bit of purest blue,
'Tis but a token small
To prove that I'll be true.
Should weary grow your heart,
And of this compact rue,
Then wear no more, I pray,
This little badge of blue."

Said he, "I'll sacred keep
And from it never part,
See, now—I'll fasten it
Right here above my heart."
She lightly touched his arm,
And banishing her fears,
Said low, with trembling lips,
A-smiling through her tears.

“ Now art thou my brave knight
And I, thy lady fair,
And in thy marches long
I'll dream that I've a share.
Sir Knight, to thee Godspeed!
As forth to war you go;
Ne'er may thy color bright
In sad defeat lie low.”

“ My lady fair, wilt thou
See never more this face,
Unworthy do I aught
This color to disgrace.
Now, Helen, fare you well,
Oh fare you well, my love;
May angels watch and keep
And guard you from above.”

Then to the war the soldier went,
And played his part right well,
But in the conflict hardly fought
Was wounded sore and fell.
When lifted from the battlefield,
'Twas thought his life had fled;
So with the message homeward sent,
He numbered with the dead.

.

THE BADGE OF BLUE

Beneath a spreading chestnut tree,
Along the village street,
A soldier clad in uniform
Sat resting weary feet.
The sun was slowly fading low,
It was the close of day,
Above an oriole trilled to him
A silvery vesper lay.

He heard the bird's clear matin song,
It sang of home, so sweet,
But while he heard, his gaze was fixed
On a maiden o'er the street.
She close within a doorway stood,
She wore a muslin gown,
And from her golden crown of hair
Soft tresses fell adown.

'Twas Helen, and her dark blue eyes,
With sadness brimming o'er,
Were lifted toward the far beyond,
Where lovers part no more.
The list of wounded and of dead
She'd searched and searched again;
Then came a morn, a dreary morn,
Her knight was 'mong the slain.

A curtain close we'll softly draw
O'er grief too deep to share;
Now time hath chastened sorrow's sting,
And robbed it of despair.
Soon downward came fair Helen's gaze,
And then her eye could see
The lonely figure leaning there,
Against the chestnut tree.

"And, oh! he wears a soldier's coat,
A uniform he wears;
Perhaps he hath a message brought,
A last word to me he bears."
She lingered not, but ope'd the gate,
And sped across the street;
Within her heart she knew not how
The stranger she would greet.

She slowly, slowly forward went,
She came the stranger nigh;
Her courage fell, she dared not speak,
She would have passed him by.
The soldier gave salute and spoke,
"Pray, maiden, can you tell,
Whose yonder home across the way,
And who doth yonder dwell?"

"My parents, brother and myself,
And Dunbars all are we."
She in her turn half query made,
"You're home from war, I see?"
"Yes, home—and yet no home have I,"
The soldier made reply;
His sunburned hand he gently drew
Across his darksome eye.

The words were trembling on her lips,
The question forward came,
"And knew you aught of one called Neal?—
Neal Gordon was his name?"
"I knew him well; ah! well, indeed,
As one were we of yore."
The soldier spoke in accents soft,
His hat pulled low he wore.

"But why ask you, my maiden fair?
If I may make so bold,
Was he a sweetheart, or a friend?
The former, though, I hold."
Now, modesty's a thing divine
In blushing maid to see,
But truth is still a nobler thing,
When crowned by modesty.

"I must no longer tarry here,"
Said Helen, with lowered eyes,
"But, truth to tell, before I go,
You're right in your surmise."
"Your soldier marched with colors high,
And uniform so fine,
Had he returned, all spent and maimed,
What answer would be thine?"

"What answer? Can you ask me, sir?"
Reproachful were her eyes;
"But, ah! Neal's dead," she softly said,
"Somewhere his cold heart lies."
The soldier doffed his battered cap,
And from his bosom drew
A little, faded, broidered thing,
It was the badge of blue.

His brow now bared, at once she knew
It was her own brave Neal.
"Neal!" in ecstasy she cried,
"You are not dead, dear Neal?"
"No, I'm not dead, my Helen fair,
For here am I, you see,
But I am broken, worn and maimed,
And no fit mate for thee."

THE BADGE OF BLUE

“You are my Neal! My hero brave!
Your wounds I’ll tend and bind,
And this old coat shall sacred be,
With glory it is twined.”
Long ere the oriole sang again
Its old sweet nesting song,
The village knight and maiden fair
Had joined the wedded throng.

THE LONG AGO

TAKE me back to the days of the long ago,
Through the rose light of youth again let me see;
Remove all the cares that weary me so,
For a day would I go untrammelled and free.

Bring back all my old sweet dreams to me,
Beautiful day dreams I used to know;
The little mirages of life to be,
The wishful fancies of long ago.

Bring all the gladness and laughter to me,
And let me forget the sorrow and tears;
Pure joy would I have, unsullied and free,
Unmarred by shadows, undimmed by fears.

Thus ofttimes I think, mid the burden and fret,
Could I turn the years backward for one joyous
day,
And the ceaseless cares of the present forget,
It would lighten my heart for the rest of the way.

AN IDEAL HOME

NOR humble walls, nor mansions grand,
 With portico and dome,
Nor yet our penates, nor our lares,
 Can make for us a home.
Nor all the wealth, nor all the power,
 Can buy this thing so blest;
The secret of a happy home
 Lies deep within the breast.

Just as within the casket's fold
 The gem doth hold the worth,
So doth the spirit reign within
 That gives the true home birth.
Nor can one faithful heart alone
 This blissful state afford;
Two wills must work in unison,
 Two hearts beat with accord.

AN IDEAL HOME

Each one, in each, have perfect faith,
One creed to fill the mind;
Through ills and joys, deep sympathy,
A golden cord to bind.
And aye there must be more to make
An ideal home and true,
There must be love's strong warp to reel,
And love to weave it through.

THEN

IN girlhood's bright alluring days
I thought my love a king;
He seemed to my adoring eyes
The crown of life to bring.
He used to praise my rippling hair,
And whisper low to me,
"Fairer, dearer, than aught on earth
Are you, sweetheart, to me."

Methought in blissful comradry
To sail upon life's sea;
There came no thought of lonely isles,
Or rocks ahead of me.
I dreamt each cloud would silver show,
And love would ne'er depart,
And that forever, and for aye,
I'd be his dear sweetheart.

THE MAPLE TREE

Each nation has a treasure rare
It views with reverent eye,
And by that sacred emblem's side,
A host of memories lie.

We have a treasure in our land,
From it we'll never part;
It is the fine old maple tree,
Dear to each loyal heart.

Beneath its corrugated bark
Of sombre bronze and grey,
A stream most sweet doth pulse and flow,
While yet 'tis winter's day.

Then Spring, in mood of mystery,
Doth place on boughs once bare,
A brood of tender budlets gay,
Old Sol's kind rays to share.

THE MAPLE TREE

Lo! ere the summer's sun grows warm,
The watchful eye hath seen
The old tree clothed with splendor grand,
In robe of purest green.

No guarded friend of wealth, or might,
No partisan this tree;
To the rich, the poor, the penniless,
Its cooling shade is free.

When Autumn glory crowns the world,
Each one may then behold
This tree a living picture stand,
In crimson, russet, gold.

A DREAM OF BEAUTY

A SONG

I HAD a dream of beauty,
And oh, I would 'twere true,
My wanderings all were over,
A place of rest I knew.
The world seemed filled with glory,
I trod love's golden shore;
To one the olden story
I whispered o'er and o'er.

My dream, my dream, my dream, so fair,
Its memory wafts my soul from care,
And all my prayer, my prayer, shall be
That my sweet dream come true to me.

And ever in that dream world,
The one I loved was there;
I saw the sunlight glancing
Upon her shining hair;

A DREAM OF BEAUTY

And in her eyes the radiance
That shone like summer's dawn;
I knew beyond all doubting
It was love for me that shone.

My dream, my dream, my dream, so fair,
Its memory wafts my soul from care,
And oh, what joy, what joy 'twould be
Should my sweet dream come true to me.

AN AUTUMN NIGHT

THE white way lies across the night,
The way where spirit bands have met.
Amid the billowy folds of light
The stars as glistening gems are set.

A shimmering globe, so clear and round,
Peers from a vault of azure hue.
As waves of foam, more eastern bound,
A fleecy cloud spreads o'er the blue.

The trees, their bourgeoning time long past,
As shadowy silhouettes arise;
Their foliage as a garment cast,
A withered heap below them lies.

Upon the sward, now dry and sear,
The moon's soft radiance hath made
A varied pattern to appear,
Of palest light and deepest shade.

AN AUTUMN NIGHT

Of all the dream nights of the year,
That bridge the hours from day to day,
An Autumn night, it seems most clear,
So beautiful the stars' array.

THE ROSE

O ROSE, so fair, your fragrant breath, sweet rose,
Doth all my heart enthrall;
Warm sunny skies, and gardens of delight,
Your bloom to me recall.
Though born of earth,
Far more of Heaven you seem to hold
Within your dreaming heart of gold.

O rose, so fair, ethereal flower of love,
You memories bring to me
Of days when life spread out a vairy web,
A shoreless, sunlit sea.
Life seemed divine.
Then lip pressed lip, and hand clasped hand,
And love was queen of all the land.

O rose, so fair, sweet rose with fragrant breath,
The flower of ancient days;
What love-lore you must know, what sagas old,
What soul-impassioned lays.
And still you bloom.
And long as love and earth remain,
I know you'll bloom, and bloom again.

THE MODERN KNIGHT

ONCE there lived a wealthy squire with his daughter,
young and fair,

Richly dowered was this daughter, all his wealth would
be her share.

Sorely troubled was the squire, and he knew not what
to do,

For from every town and hamlet suitors came this maid
to woo.

“Fortune-seeking rogues,” he dubbed them; “scheming
rascals one and all;”

None should ever wed his daughter, nor their own his
dollars call.

One there was, named Caleb Carter, whom this daughter
fair preferred;

And he thought to brave the squire, pay no heed to what
he heard.

But the squire made no difference, everyone must keep
away,

So he sent this swain a-walking, would no longer let
him stay.

Then his daughter fell a-weeping, tears streamed from
her lovely eyes,

Till she ceased to make a protest, and she spoke to him
thuswise :

“ Must I ever guard the dollars? Have no thought for
aught above?

Must I ever more be lonely? Is there no such thing as
love?”

“ Yes, there’s love I do believe in; but there’s many
kinds,” said he;

“ Father, mother, sister, brother—such love is well
known to me.

“ Then there’s love of pelf and dollars, I regret it I
confess,

But this Caleb loves the dollars, nothing more and
nothing less.”

Soon she made another query, questioning eyes looked
in his face,

“ Is there no such thing as honor, are all men so mean
and base?

And am I so plain and homely? This, my father, tell me
true,

If you had no land or shekels, think you none would
come to woo?”

“There are maidens yet more homely,”—here he turned
to hide his mirth,—

“And you might have many suitors, but they’d woo you
for your worth.”

Days went by in peaceful quiet, and the squire never
knew

That the man and maid were trysting where the shady
maples grew;

But one night he went a-walking, up and down around
the town,

Growing weary from his wandering, in an inn he sat
him down.

Here he heard this Caleb boasting, in a loud and lordly
way,

“I will wed the squire’s daughter,” were the words he
heard him say;

“I will do as did the gallants, and the gay young knights
of old;

I can be as brave and doughty, just as clever and as
bold.

“And to get this charming maiden, I will go this very
night;

Soon her father will forgive us, and the rest will come
all right.”

THE MODERN KNIGHT

As the squire hastened homeward, oft he laughed and
chuckled low—

“Ha! ha! ha! my fine young fellow, you will find your
cake is dough.”

Ere he reached his stately dwelling, he had formed a
plan complete,

And this wildly glowing story to his daughter did repeat.

“I have heard a tale most woeful, of a daring robber
bold,

Who will carry off fair maidens, rob the sires of their
gold;

And he’s going through the country, may be here this
very night,

So I’ll bar each door and window, and keep watch till
morning light.”

Cold with terror grew the maiden, “Save me, father
dear,” she cried;

“Yes, my dearest, fairest daughter, I will save you,”
he replied.

“Go you to my own apartment, stay there till the night
is o’er;

To make sure you sleep in safety, I myself will lock the
door.”

Then he hied him to her wardrobe, skirt and jacket
there he found;

Into these he got by squeezing, next a hat with veil
around.

Then he paced before a mirror, mincing round with
feminine grace,—

“Ah!” quoth he, “I’d be quite handsome were it not
for this my face.”

Now there came a gentle tapping, right against the
window pane;

He at once the light extinguished, for he must not show
too plain.

Through the darkness came a whisper, “Mary, darling,
are you near?”

Softer still the squire answered, “Yes, my dearest, I
am here.”

“Come to me then, sweetest Mary, round my neck just
place your arm;

Do not doubt me, there’s no danger, I will keep you
from all harm.”

Through the window climbed the squire, but he felt
an inward fear;

Ne’er in all his brief existence had life seemed to him
so dear.

'Twas too late for turning backward, so he tightly
gripped the knight,
Placed his feet upon the ladder and hung on with all
his might.

But so heavy seemed his Mary, that the knight began
to quake,
For he felt the ladder bending, and he feared that it
would break.
Slowly, slowly, they're descending when—a crash!—
they strike the ground;
“Blundering idiot,” roared the squire,—up the knight
sprang with a bound.
O'er the grounds he sped in terror, through the outer
gate he passed;
Swift the squire tried to follow, but the skirt—it held
him fast.

THE BATTLE OF PAARDEBERG

'TWAS WAR! War! the cruel knave
Who led the feud in might,
And urged the Briton and Boer
To wage a deadly fight.
Along the Modder's dented shore
Old Albion's army lay;
And with her might of arms there held
Dark Afric's lion at bay.

But strange! most strange a warfare this;
No foe appears in sight;
And yet as from an angry cloud
Comes sound and flashing light.
From farther on the river's shore,
From out the bush and brake,
Comes roaring sound, and shot and shell
A deadly havoc make.

THE BATTLE OF PAARDEBERG

In turn within the danger zone,
Each Britisher lay prone;
The tactics of their foe they learnt,
Then made such ways their own.
Their shots at random mark are sent,
Where rise the puffs of white,
Or with their eye they measure take,
Where flashed a smokeless light.

Crouched low by hillock, tuft or bush,
Such warfare held no charm;
How futile seemed their steady aim,
How weary grew each arm.
Their dauntless foe lay strong entrenched
In *dongas* deep and wide.
To move him from his fortress hold
A bayonet charge was tried.

A charge! A charge! the word passed round,
The bugle gave it speech;
Reward, reward; five pounds to them
Who first foe's trenches reach.
Amid the hail the brave Canucks
And gallant Cornwalls dash.
Who bade them go? Who blundered so?
'Twas madness wild and rash.

THE BATTLE OF PAARDEBERG

Like ripened sheaves from reaper's blade
The dead and dying fall.
Forward! Onward! they double press;
But, hark! sounds the recall.
Too late! retreat means triple death,
So prostrate down they lie;
They lie swept o'er by shot and shell,
Till night clouds line the sky.

Four days, four days, and yet a night,
And still the combat raged;
From dawn to dark, with short respite,
The foe they still engaged.
Amid war's horrors of death and strife
Artillery's booming sound,
The soldiers of the Maple Leaf
Like veterans held their ground.

The morrow's dawn would bring again
That day of long ago—
Majuba Day, that day of shame,
Of sad defeat and woe.
But ere the morn was far advanced,
That day had been redeemed;
The strife of Paardeberg was o'er,
From banners victory gleamed.

A SONG OF HOPE

O HOPE, thou light that illumines
And cheers our onward way,
From childhood's early morning
Unto life's closing day,—

Through all our dreams thou'rt weaving
A thread of shining gold,
And bright thy rays are gleaming
O'er sorrows dark and cold.

Thou bid'st us gather roses,
Nor heed the stinging thorn,
To wait the glowing sunset,
Though darksome be the morn.

Through thee we hear the welcome
"Well done, thou faithful heart,"
Nor fear the woeful sentence,
"Away, thou must depart."

Thou lead'st us through the pathways
Where angel feet have trod,
And showest us the mansions
Prepared for us by God.

PAST DAYS

ON looking through past days, in one I see
Your sad, white face stand out in clear relief.
Ah! could it be that sadness was for me?
I had not meant to cause you pain or grief.

Fate tossed me as a waif upon life's sea;
There day by day I drifted with the tide,
And, passing on, I drew a-near to thee,
And for a moment lingered by your side.

In that brief moment's time you touched a chord
Within my heart that woke a sweet refrain.
A song, a happy dream, was my reward,
As on and on I drifted once again.

I oft have asked if it was love for me
That paled your cheek and dimmed your dark-
some eye,
And traced the lines of woe that I could see,
As we clasped hands, and bade a last good-bye.

WAR

I AM grim, unrelenting War,
I am each nation's abattoir;
A monarch of revenge and might,
In gory carnage I delight.

Innumerable my victims are,
The lands I rule I waste and mar.
To some I grant undying gain;
More still I doom to death and pain.

PEACE

I AM blest, optimistic Peace;
I bid turbulent passions cease.
War's terrors I quell and soothe away,
Reft hearts grow calm beneath my sway.

My prescient eyes view the new day,
When hushed shall be the cannon's bay;
When war's cruel powers shall transformed be,
And peace, my peace, the world shall see.

THE CROCUS

I AM sitting in the twilight,
 Reading tales of long ago;
There is someone close beside me,
 I can feel it, I can know.
Creeping softly, comes a finger,
 Lightly resting on my hair;
Ah! there must be mischief brewing,
 Someone placing something there.

Then I feel two arms caressing,
 Round my neck they gently steal,
And in just another second
 Warm lips on my cheek I feel.
Ah! the presence, now I know it,
 'Tis my Bess, my blue-eyed Bess,
"What is in your hair?" she asks me,
 Just for once I try to guess.

THE CROCUS

Guessing I was never fond of,
But I make one weak attempt;
Sadly failing, give it over,
From my task I am exempt.
'Tis a tiny satin crocus,
Soft as fledgling's downy wing,
With its mauve-like petals folded,
Round its heart of gold they cling.

Out upon the wold so dreary,
Where the cold winds sweep and sigh,
Came this cheery little crocus,
Whispering of a bye-and-bye.
And you tell me, blessed flowerlet,
Though the way be dark and cold,
Neath the gloom there may be flowers
That will yet their bloom unfold.

MY LOVED ONE'S VOICE

I DWELL in a land of summer,
And see the roses blow;
But my thoughts go back to an Autumn,
A time of long ago.
Dew in the lily's chalice,
Light on a thousand hills;
But I only hear the music
Of a voice that haunts and thrills.

Where! Where! Where are you now?
On what far distant strand?
I may not hear your voice again,
I may not clasp your hand.

I dwell in a land of summer,
My world is all a-shine,
But ever in some far land,
My spirit's seeking thine.

MY LOVED ONE'S VOICE

I hear the orioles singing,
But my heart is dead to the whole;
For only the voice of my loved one
Hath power to waken my soul.

Hear! Hear! Oh hear me now;
Hear, while my heart hath breath.
I'll love you through all the ages,
I'll love you till cold in death.

A DAUGHTER'S QUEST

MY MOTHER, I'm sad and weary,
I've been on a long, long quest;
Through all of thy wide dominion,
I've journeyed, nor paused for rest.
But nowhere within thy borders
Could either I trace or see
A home I might claim as daughter;
My mother, why should this be?

I viewed all the Western homesteads
Of this, my Canadian land,
But none could I own, my mother,
For I as an alien stand.
To strangers within thy gateways
You give the good benefits free,
That only I claim through another;
My Mother, why should this be?

I neither have spent thy substance,
Nor bartered for pottage my right;
I ever have loved and honored,
And joyed in thy growing might.
To serve thee hath been my pleasure,—
Though humble that service be,—
In turn it is but fair favor,
My Mother, I ask of thee.

There are daughters of thine in office,
Where never the sunlight gleams;
Who spend the long hours in durance,
Neath gas or electric beams.
Were they but the privilege given
Of taking a home from thee,
They'd live in the light of Heaven;
My Mother, could this not be?

Thy daughters are no pale weaklings,
Nor yet are we Am'zons strong;
But we have a mind—we've proved it,
And hearts to resent a wrong.
No children of thine by 'doption,
But blood of thy veins are we;
And 'tis but our natural birthright,
My Mother, we ask of thee.

A DAUGHTER'S QUEST

Oh, why should you make a difference?
You cradled us all on your breast,
You taught us the same old precepts,
The same songs lulled us to rest.
What matter though son, or daughter,
Are each not as dear to thee?
Oh, why then withhold our portion;
My Mother, I ask of thee?

IN MEMORIAM

BABY, like a flower blooming for a day,
In life's early dawning, you have passed away.

All that love could give thee, thou hadst here below,
But from fond devotion you were called to go.

Little prattling sunbeam, you have gone before;
You will there be waiting, just beyond the shore.

Dark the cloud, and sombre, you have left behind,
And no silver lining aching hearts can find.

Little trembling footprints mark the strand of gold;
Baby, you were wanted in that heavenly fold.

Softly angels whispered, "Little one, this way,"
Nor with ones loved dearly might you longer stay.

Said the gentle shepherd, "Throw the portals wide,"
Jasper gates flew open, Baby passed inside.

THE RED EAR

'TWAS a night in Autumn that Farmer Lee
Chose for his annual husking bee.
His stalwart sons, Simon and Ned,
In bustling preparation led.
One whole day long, from early morn,
They drew to the barn the rustling corn.
From side to side they stacked it round,
Till no more room in the barn was found.
Then boys and girls from far and near
Were asked to come and husk the ear.
A pleasant scene in the barn that night
Was revealed by the lantern's mellow light.
In merry groups of three or more
The boys and girls sat round the floor.
About the jokes and laughter flew,
As the husks from golden ears they drew;
And while they husked, each watched to see
If theirs a crimson ear would be.

Now, Ned hoped more than all the rest
That with this ear he might be blest;
For among the guests was May McBride,
The fairest maid in the countryside.
Week after week, day after day,
Ned long had worshipped winsome May;
But though both courteous and kind,
To his affection she was blind.

The corn was husked, the greater part,
And the fear of failure pressed Ned's heart;
When from a group there came a cheer,
And the shout went up, "May's found a red ear."
In a moment Ned was on his feet,
He first would claim the forfeit sweet.
But through the open door May fled,
In swift pursuit away went Ned.
But to poor Ned fate seemed unkind,
For fair Miss May he could not find.
He looked around, both here and there,
Went through the house, searched everywhere,
But all his labor was in vain,
So to the barn he went again.
When he returned the boys all laughed,
And at his failure teased and chaffed.

“Don’t catch me being fooled,” one said;
Another, “Ah, you’re slow, old Ned.”
Ned only smiled and let them laugh,
In silence he withstood their chaff.

When the corn was husked the work was done,
And the time had come to have their fun.
The stalks were cleared from the threshing-floor
And a space swept clean, from door to door.
Then Simon, with a merry glance,
Called, “Choose your partners for the dance.”
Ned cast his eye o’er all the girls
And soon he spied May’s sunny curls.
Then straightway to her side he went,
And low his stalwart form he bent.
“Come! Will you dance with me?” he said;
As if in thought, May drooped her head.
Then, shyly glancing in his face,
And thinking he’d forget the chase,
Upon his arm she placed her hand,
And with the rest they took their stand.
Now Jerry Brown and Johnny Binns
Came forward with their violins;
Each picked his strings and sawed his bow,
Until he got a tune to go;
And then the dance began.

Now strong and clear came Simon's call—
"Salute your partners! balance all!
First couple to the next one go,
Then right and left, and onward, oh!
Now turn to alleman' left and swing,
Grand right and left, and form a ring.
Now backward to your places fall,
Swing once again, and balance all!"
Just here, Ned held aloft his hand,
And brought the dancers to a stand.
Said he, "I want you all to hear,
I claim my forfeit for the ear."
Before astonished May could speak,
He kissed her there, on either cheek.

A SOUL'S QUESTION

FROM out its human windows,
A soul with longing gazed;
In earnest supplication
This cry to Dawn was raised.
"Oh, tell me where is Heaven?
That Heaven where souls may stay;
Oh tell me where is Heaven?
I fain would know the way."
But Dawn, with mystic power,
Swung glorious lights on high,
And with a tender pity,
This answer seemed to sigh,
"Ye may not know."
And it was morn.

With unrequited yearning
That soul ceased not to cry
Unto the Morn that lingered,
And filled with light the sky.

A SOUL'S QUESTION

“ Oh, tell me where is Heaven,
Where earth-worn souls may rest?
Oh, tell me, where is Heaven,
That refuge of the blest?”
But Morn, with newborn brightness,
Bent down a smiling face;
And o'er the ethereal vaulting
This answer seemed to trace,
“ Ye may not know.”
And it was day.

To Day who ruled with splendor,
That soul expressed its need,
And from the mortal prison
Begged humbly to be freed.
“ Oh, tell me, where is Heaven?
I pray thee to reveal;
Oh, tell me, where is Heaven?
I would my sorrow heal.”
But o'er the hills and valleys,
Day spread her lambent light,
And seemed to say so softly,
While she measured hours bright,
“ Ye may not know.”
And it was night.

“Those white and foamy billows,
That span yon darksome dome,
Must surely be the highway
To that elysian home.
Come, tell me, where is Heaven,
Is that the road I see?
Come, tell me, where is Heaven,
O Night! where can it be?”
But Night, with eyes a-shimmering,
Peered outward from the haze,
And seemed to wail with mourning,
“When I’ve numbered my days,
Then may ye know,
And there’ll be light.”

THE LOST LETTER

A SONG

ERE fast a train sped on its way
A maiden heard a loved voice say,
"What time forbids me tell to-night,
To you I'll in a letter write."
She waited through the hours so long,
The days passed on to evensong.
Her heart grew sad with doubt and fear,
But still no letter came to cheer.
That letter was lost, but neither knew;
He thought her false, she him untrue.

REFRAIN.

Only a little white missive,
Only a letter old,
But it held in its folds a treasure
More precious than gems of gold.
To the long ago, when parting,
A memory backward rolled;
For the lines of that lost letter
Love's sweet old secret told.

THE LOST LETTER

The seasons came, the summers fled;
Their flowers were gone, their leaves were dead.
A faded letter long forgot,
Was found one day in a careless spot.
The maiden's name was on its fold;
She opened it; love's tale it told.
For this she'd waited many years,
And read it now with blinding tears;
"Now answer, love," were the words it said,
"For you alone will I ever wed."

SOMEWHERE

THERE lies another land away somewhere
Above the starry heights, it may be there,
The sunbeams glow, athwart the blue-domed skies,
Its sheen may be, my veiled sight descries.

A long, long way, it seems, a land afar,
And yet a step might reach the gates ajar;
And now, I think, it seemeth strangely true,
For one went there I dearly loved and knew.

As for a friend we hold a light at eve,
To guide them through the darkness when they
leave;
And, faring on, that friend calls back to say,
“All’s well, all’s well! I’m safe upon my way.”

Thus said this one so dear, while crossing o’er,
“I’m almost there—my feet—have touched—the
shore.”

So near it seemed, that bright and heavenly land,
One bated breath, and she had reached the strand.

SOMEWHERE

So thin, thus seems the veil that lies between,
If eyes were cleared, the mansions might be seen ;
And sweet it is, when hearts are bowed with care,
To know not far lies that good land, somewhere.

SCHUBERT'S LIFE, LOVE AND SONG

Lo, here for life's long cosmic race,
From first, with hindrances I came;
So small of stature, so void of grace,
So halting, shy, the guise I claim,
And yet within me pulses strong
A royal gift, the gift of song.

Grim Poverty hath cradled me,
And crooned to me her saddest lays;
And daily still her face I see,
I daily walk her narrow ways;
With her Grief tutors me in pain,
And tells me all my love is vain.

For as the stars in yon dark blue
Lie far beyond the gay lark's flight,
So high the one I ne'er must woo
Lies far beyond my humble might.
And all assurance my heart knows,
Was whispered by a withered rose.

She is my life, my light, my friend,
The lodestar of my troubled soul;
Only the hours with her I spend
I truly live, is life made whole;
All other times are barren, grey,
A sunless waste, a lonely way.

My stammering speech she understands,
Where tongue doth fail, her bright eye sees;
She then doth bid me with my hands,
To talk to her upon the keys;
For then, o'er realms I reign alone,
I am king upon a throne.

And when I play at her behest,
To all the tide of love impent,
And smouldering deep within my breast,
I do in song give vent, give vent;
What faltering lips dare not impart,
I tell in strains of sweetest art.

And now to her a song I'll give,
The impulse doth my being thrill;
A song, a song, my heart to live,
When her loved voice and mine are still;
And love, deep love, shall be its breath,
Immortal love, more strong than death.

Had I been Fortune's favored child,
What my heart held I might have told,
And on my cause she might have smiled;
But honor bade me all withhold.
And so for her a song I wrote,
And breathed my love in every note.

And then a thought came surging strong,
It held me with its potent spell;
I would go sing to her my song,
The glory of my "Swan Song" tell.
At eventide, as serenade,
I'd sing to her from out the shade.

I trod through star-swept ways of light,
I passed along the silver mere;
I paused where moonbeams shimmered bright,
The night winds whispered, "She is near;"
And there to my beloved I sang,
With love's appeal the welkin rang.

To her, my hope, my soul, my love,
In song was carried on a wave,
As light through darkness from above,
Came her sweet face, so sad, so grave,
And from her hand dropped down a flower,
This treasure of my darkest hour.

I bent and raised it from the ground,
It was a rose—a pale white rose;
Upon its slender stem twined round,
A bit of parchment faintly shows.
I read—love and farewell were there;
Love—but a love I might not share.

It is decreed that we must part,
And distant love doth bring alarms;
For what is that to human heart
That cries, and cries, with empty arms;
Some hand from me the rose will wrest,
Some other wear it on his breast.

And now she goes from me away,
The thought it rends me with its pain;
To pass alone each weary day,
To never see her face again.
To her myself I may not raise,
I may not bid her share my days.

Ah! could I be of self so low
As bid her tread my narrow shore?
No! all my reason answers No!
Not so my heart, it yearns the more,
Though strong may be my human will,
My clamouring heart is stronger still.

My sun hath set, my day is done;
I fain would hold my lease of life;
But for sweet joys, that scores have won,
My soul doth keep perpetual strife;
As droppings wear away the stone,
So wears my flesh from inward moan.

Now let me die, and dying, wait
Till her dear soul comes to the skies;
I'll meet her then at Heaven's gate,
And sing to her in paradise;
And there I'll prove to her above
That more than mortal is my love.

THE MINISTER IN THE SALOON

FAR away to the north, in the land of the Yukon,
With its gold and auroral gleam,
Lived a man who would dare, through the gates of
despair,
For to venture a soul to redeem.

'Twas a night when the men were all in from the
camps;
It was cold—growing colder since noon;
There had gathered a score, yes, and that many more,
To the warmth of Mike Logan's saloon.

Soon Mike's hearty voice like a clarion rang,
"Come now, boys! stand you back and make way,
There's a preacher right near and he wants you to
hear
What he's come to this place for to say."

To the light stepped a man with a broad, placid brow ;
In his eye shone the truth's brightest ray ;
With a hand raised above, and a voice full of love,
Said he, " Boys, let each one of us pray."

" Though your sins be as crimson, I will make them as
wool,"
Was the promise he told of so fair ;
Then he played on their hearts, like the chords of a
harp,
Till he wakened old memories there.

Hot tears fell from one, and another looked back ;
Looked back, oh, so far and away !
Where he held in his view a dear cot he once knew,
And a mother who taught him to pray.

Softly touched were the hearts of the vilest men there,
And their wrongdoing all was made clear ;
But o'er each troubled soul seemed a deep peace to
roll,
As the benison fell on their ear :

" Our dear Father who art in the heavens above,
Grant Thy peace to each heart here opprest ;
Let Thy mercy and grace on each one in this place
Like a sweet benediction now rest."

THE SLEEPING HAMLET

So STILL the little hamlet lies,
A dream it seems, a place unreal;
The homes as phantom shadows rise,
The streets no sign of life reveal.

No step of man or beast is heard,
Of living thing there's not a sound;
Not even the twitter of a bird,
So absolute the silence round.

A peace enwraps the dreaming earth,
A stillness sweet, beyond compare;
The blessed rest, till new day's birth,
And freedom from a world of care.

Along the dusty, winding trails,
Where Dian's silvery light now shows,
No more the rumbling wagon sails,
To wake the sleeper's sweet repose.

Each weary one, by toil depressed,
Hath for a time a respite sought;
The world forgot, they calmly rest,
And find the peace that sleep hath brought.

MALIGNED

THROUGH all the shades and tones of life,
The ups and downs, the straining strife;
The one and thousand things we find,
To fret the soul and stress the mind;
Of all the sordid woes we bear,
What seems the hardest part to share?
The unjust thing, the most unkind,
Is just to know we've been maligned.

Oft so environed one may live
As semblance of sin to give.
And still the soul may be so pure,
The wiles of sin cannot allure.
But, judging from the outward guise,
Some venomed tongue hath scattered lies;
And then, alas, we wake to find,
That innocence hath been maligned.

MALIGNED

We see, as through the world we go,
Enough of sadness and of woe,
Enough of wounds too deep to heal,
Of griefs that pierce the heart like steel;
Of drawn faces overcast,
Deep lined and seared by adverse blast.
Then why on bending shoulders bind
The added weight of being maligned?

An unjust word when passed around
Is like a bad seed sown in ground.
One fills the soil with noxious weeds,
One clothes the pure in wicked deeds.
Unless an evil can be cured,
It best in silence be endured.
Better to other's faults be blind
Than mar a life through being maligned.

THE WILD ROSE

A SONG

THERE'S a flower lies blooming
On the breast of the plain,
By the swift-flowing streamlet,
'Long the marge of the grain.
On the wide, rolling uplands
This fair flower grows;
'Tis the rose of the Westland,
The fragrant wild rose.

From its fairy-like petals
Of the dawn's rosy glow,
A sweet perfume is wafted
By the breezes that blow.
And of all the fair flowers,
'Tis the sweetest that grows;
This rose of the Westland,
The fragrant wild rose.

THE WILD ROSE

Through the long dreaming summer,
Through the wind and the rain,
This dear little flower
Still blooms on the plain.
And its beauty doth hallow
The place where it grows;
This rose of the Westland,
The fragrant wild rose.

A BRIDAL HYMN

Sweet as flowers' fragrant breathings,
By the dews of heaven distilled;
With the joy of love and blessing,
Let this temple now be filled.

By our song of true devotion,
Heavenly Father, we request,
Favor for this man and maiden,
May these holy bonds be blest.

As they pledge their vows before Thee,
Teach their hearts with truth to see,
That to win life's purest guerdon,
Is to walk in hand with Thee.

In Thy first creation, Father,
Thou didst man's espousal own;
And the Saviour's loving presence
To a marriage once was shown.

A BRIDAL HYMN

So let now the Spirit whisper,
As a witness of Thy love;
And Thy peace in benediction
Rest upon them like a dove.

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Cawthorpe, Margaret A.
Lyrics from the Westland

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